TO COLUMN PONDERS

SCENE IN A NEVADA COURT. HAVE you engaged, or do you depend On a lawyer your case to defend?" Thus to the pricher spoke the Judge-A good man, free from bias or grange.

CLOSE QUARTERS.

You're hiding rehels in the house Wrout the leave o' m. — Scottish Belled. I am a Georgia gentleman, and served I AM a Georgia gentleman, and served the South during those four crucial years which one side calls "our late struggle for independence," and the other stigmatizes as "the rebellion." In a skirmish before Fredericksburg I was taken prisoner, and was sent. North with a squad of fallow-misfor-tunates to Point Lookout. Thence, after a while, a number of us were transferred to Fort Delaware. During the journey while the train was runthe journey while the train was run-ning at slack speed, about fifteen miles from Baltimore, I managed to jump off "No, no, indeed!" cried his wife, vehemently, with an accent of sincerity, dark, not knowing where I was going to land, for it was growing dusk, and the day was the 2d of February. There was snow upon the ground, and I slipped as I struck the track, rolling over and over until I brought up in a snow-drift below a steep embaukment, and saw the lights of the receding engine flashing around a curve in the road. As soon as I could rally my wits, I gathered myself up, and barned my face toward Baltimore.

After walking a few miles I saw the hazy glow that hangs at night over a would have, got hereaff into the fines, but that it had been absolutely necessary. A little more, and she would have, got hereaff into the course of the receding one of the world."

soon as I could rally my wits, I gathered myself up, and barned my face toward Baltimore.

After walking a few miles I saw the haxy glow that hangs at night over a large city. I had never been in Maryland. I had no friends and no acquaintances there. I had no money, and felt faint for want of food; but I knew that Baltimore was a sort of outwork to the Southern Confederacy, and that I was likely to find aid and sympathy amongst its women; while I knew likewise that I had better steer clear of any men I met, as most of those who likewise that I had better steer clear of any men I met, as most of those who likewise that I had better steer clear of any men I met, as most of those who likewise that I had better steer clear of any men I met, as most of those who likewise that I had better steer clear of this place have a keen scent for disaffection. It seems a policeman has seen detailed for some time past to watch this house, and they had a string of charges as long as my arm against her. Dear! dear! if women only would have got herself into the Old, the past of this place have a keen scent for disaffection. It seems a policeman has affection. It seems a policeman has affection affection. It seems a policeman has affection affection. It seems a policeman has affection. It seems a policeman has affection affection affection. It seems a policeman has affecti

ny Lewis was, nor, for that matter, had my friends at Point Lookout, though they were in the habit of addressing her, according to the prison etiquette, as "My Dear Cousin." They only know she was a charitable lady who sent boxes of good food and cast-off clothing to the prisoners, white they in return made rings for her out of their coat-buttons, and inlaid them with mother-of-pearl cut from their shirt

I entered Baltimore toward the east, and presuming on the universality of that great law, "wastward the course of fashion takes its way," I walked on nntil I found myself, about half-past nine o'clock in what seemed a fashlona-ble quarter of the city. Presently I reached a church—a Roman Catholic church, I presumed, from the cross up-on its front—and I observed that several ladies who came out of it had prayer-books with gilt crosses in their hands. knew well enough that the Roman Catholic population of Baltimore was Southern to a woman, and almost to a man. I followed these ladies, and contrived to stop them without frightening them. I conclude they felt I was a gentleman by my address, and were not influenced by the clothes philosophy. I asked them to tell me the way to Reade Street. They gave me clear but brief directions. I raised my hat and walked on, striking the shadow whenever I could, and fearing the ginnee of a policeman. I made my way to keade Street, and pulled the bell of 184. It was a house standing in a garden a little back from the street, and an alley ran along one side of the lot. An Irish servant-girl answered my summons. That was a good omen. Irish servant-girls were all sympathizers in their

"Can I see Miss Fanny Lewis for a

the gas and left me there. I before the blinds were down, and the procession of the

taid up in laveader, and ladies' drosses hung on pegs. It was lighted by a glimmer of gas from the sitting-room.

"My darling Fanny!" said a voies and I heard kisses—kisses as natural as if the man had been a Southerner, and not a bleod-thirsty Yank, whom I was bound to hate, to injure, and despise.

"Why, what's the matter, leve?" I heard him say to her. "Have you had a chill? You are trembling all over. You look—I don't know how you look, What is it, my sweet Fan?"

member how cruel I was to that poor tittle pellow cat. It seems something fast. I must get to the office early. And, Fanny, 'he added, "tell her to get brosk-like murder."

"Fanny, this is too foolish," said her align down the alisy the first thing, and tell will lams, yet of the same thing over again. "I know it, I know it, I know it, I know it I when the has harnessed up his horse for his day's work, I wish him to back up to our side door. I am determined to get rid of every thing that belongs to my sister Fanny. I'll sead her get pourself. I must remember my duty, whatever you do."

After this there was silence between them. At length the husband said:

You look—I don't know how you look.
What is it, my sweet Fan?"
"Nothing. What could it be?" she
answered; but I knew, from the trumble in her voice, that she was unused to
deceiving her colonel. I think, too, that
he probably perceived that something
lay concealed under her "nothing," for
he did not press her to say more. He
sat down, and I think he draw her toward him.

"This is comfortable," he said. "This is home. This is better than campaigning. I have had a worrying day. Claypole" (I judged that was his predecessor) "has left everything in disorder in his department, and that business of Fahny's has aunoyed me beyond measure. It lays me one to surjeine and I Fanny's has annoyed me beyond measure. It lays me open to suspicion, and I have had local politicians at me about it all day. How Fanny could have been so indiscreet, so unmindful of what was due to my position! She seems to have been forever doing something that hoverd, to say the least of it, upon the verge of treason. I hope, my Fanny, you have had nothing to do with her proceedings."

proceedings."

"No, no, indeed!" cried his wife, ve

true, she was steeped in petty treason. Most of it was petty nonsense—no good to the cause she wanted to serve. Her imprudence has made my own position here a very delicate one. I have written to the commanders of all the prisons not to forward to her any letters that may pass through their hands, and if any do arrive, you had better burn them without reading them unless you know the hand-writing."

Here came a loud ring at the front door. The Colonel and his wife moved instantly apart, and a man came into the room.

"Good-evening, Colonel. Good-evening, madam. I called to tell you.
Colonel, that there's a dangerous character at large in Baltimore—a robel
agent on secret service—and the Provost-Marshal has given strict orders to secure him. If they catch him, they will hang him—sure. He has been traveling as a spy all through our Northern cities, and is now on his way back to the South with important papers and information. It was thought he might have come here to inquire about Miss Fanny. Has any such person been here, Mrs Lewis PA

"No, sir," said the inexperienced equivocator, with a tremble in her tons.
"Have you had no stranger here this evening?" persisted the visitor. The answer was inaudible.

"One word with you aside, Colond," he said, as he rose to go, drawing Colonel Lewis outside the parlor door

be our other Miss Fanny would do for ye."

"Lot me see her," I said.
She opened the door of a sort of library or side sitting-room, turned up the gas and left me there. I looked at my torn clothes, my bargard face, standing on the hearth row.

In the servants who is the servants who is the standard of the sitting-room, and I was unwilling to disturb any hope the latter at stage whisper, "I don't like to design the strong of the stro

again."

"Fanny," he said, sternly, "you forget yourself. I must remember my duty, wintever you do."

After this there was silence between them. At length the husband said:

"I have a long report to write tonight, Fanny, and accounts to cast up. I must sit up very late. My poor wife, go to bed."

"Yes, dear." his answered, submis-

that go to bed."
"Yes, dear," she answered, submisfor sively. I heard keys jingling in her
He basket as she moved across the floor.
"No, Fanny," said her husband,
stopping her; "I may want something
This from the cellaret. Leave me your

keys."
"You will kill yourself with hard

"You will kill yourself with hard work. Let us both go, love."

"No, no," said the Colonel, "Go yourself; you have a headache."

"No, Arthur," she answered. "If you sit up, I will stay too."

"It is of no use, Fauny."

"Still, I will stay here."

"H I am going to sit up," said the Colonel, "I want my slippers."

"Let me get them," she cried, esgerly. "Sit down."

"No, I'll get them myself. They

erly. "Sit down."
"No, I'll get them myself. They are in the closet, I know. Is it locked?
No. I see that it is not; the key is in He laid his hand upon the door han-dle of my place of confinement. For half a moment he hesitated to turn it. I neard Fanny sob. I think she caught

him by the arm.

"Let me go, Fanny," he said, impa-patiently, "I must." You had better patiently. "I must. You had go away."

He threw the door wide open.

gaslight streamed in from the sitting-room. She rallies all her strength, and room. She rallies all her strength, and came in after him.

Nothing met their eyes but the dresses, the shelves, the rows of pickles and preserves, the broken furniture, the trunks, the linen in lavender. But standing opposite the door, with its hinges toward them, they may have seen a large Saratoga trunk, marked on the side, in big white letters, "Miss Fanny Lewis." Its lid was not quite closed, the hasp having caught upon the rim.

The Colonel drew back. Poor Fanny perhaps fancied I had mysteriously dis-

appeared.
They took the slippers from the floor, and went into the sitting-room. There I heard her coaxing him to go to bed; but there seemed some hardening of her

the there seemed some narganing of her husband's heart toward her, which chilled her pretty persuasions. "Fanny," he said at last, "if you in-sist on sitting up with me, get me some paper and an inkstand from your cham-There was no resisting this request

ber."

There was no resisting this request, which he made like a command to pick up her key basket, and he must again have checked her, for she exclaimed, "Oh! I forgot; I beg your pardon," and left the room.

The moment she was gone, I heard him rattle the keys. He put one or more of them into his pocket. I heard, too, a click, as if he were engaged in cocking his revolver. Then he remarked, aloud: "The store-room has no window. I have him safe. He must stay there until morning. If a brave man, he will keep quiet. Only a coward would take advantage of her."

He pulled out his watch. "Half-past twalve," he said, as Fanny came back again. What agony she may have felt as she left me without protection, and her husband exposed to my attack if I were armed!

"Here is paper and ink," she said.
"Now go to bed, darling."

"No, love; I will sit up here," and she took her place upon the sofa.

Meantime no words can adequately depict the discomforts of my situation.

she took her place upon the sofa.

Meantime no words can adequately depict the discomforts of my situation. I knew perfectly well that the Colonel knew where I was, and that in good time he was going to dispose of me. I quite agreed with him that gratitude to Mrs. Lewis required me to keep still. I also knew that whatever plan he might be laying for my capture, was to be done in such a way as to spare his wife as much as possible. I thought that for Colonel Lewis outside the parlor door into the passage. "I don't want to be disagreeable to Mrs. Lewis, but (this between ourselves) the policeman on this beat says he saw a man answering the description come in this evening at your front door. I tell you because you would not like a domiciliary visit from the Provost-Marshal."

"Thank you, thank you. But I am sure you are mistaken. Mrs. Lewis is a liby cramped and painful. I was per-"No; Miss Fanny's sent off—gone way. The master is come home. Mayour other Miss Fanny would do for any other Miss Fanny would do for any concerned."

"No; Miss Fanny's sent off—gone way. The master is come home. Mayour other Miss Fanny would do for any thing wrong, it is the servants who are concerned."

before the blinds were down, and the policeman saw him with Mrs. Lewis standing on the hearth-rug. I hope you'll find it all as right as you expect, I'm sure."

The Colonel walked to the front door with his visitor, and came back into the sitting-room. I knew that he was thinking, "There is no way of exit from this room but by the door that I came in by or the closet. She has the man in there."

"These local politicians are both lowbred and impertinent," he said, as he Sometimes, as all around me seemed so

PITH AND POINT.

In half an hour Bridget announced

get this trunk of my sister's on the dray? She has been sent South, as you know, and I decline to keep her things. Yes,

I suspect it may weigh over two hun-dred pounds. It is 'powerful heavy,' as you say. But that is the way always with ladies."

By this time I was I hoisted on the

bout six years later, when I was intro-uced to Colonel Lewis on Pennsylvania

risiting all the residences in St. Louis, sould scarcely avoid coming across many curious and interesting facts and rearing numerous amusing adventures.

The enumerator for a Carondelet dis-

rict says he came across a woman of 80 years of age who said that she and her

years of age who said that she and her parents were all born in that place. He found one family consisting of father and mother and five sons, and each member of the family was born in a different State. The most amusing case was that of an old French woman, who somehow imbibed the notion that the object of

the census was to provide means for finding people who were lost. She had three sons somewhere in the coun-try, but did not know where, and hoped

the census-taker would send on their names to headquarters and have the lists overhauled that they might be

WOMEN'S AGES.

One census-taker said he had a great

old at the birth of the child, which made

MISTAKEN FOR PEDDLERS.
One of the difficulties encountered by
the enumerators arose from the fre-

her forty years old now.

A DRINK in the morning is for appsie. A dozen drinks, later in the day, for another 'appy tight .- N.

TRAMP: "Whose 'ouse is this, sir?" Transp "Whose Jones is thin, ser Gardener "Squire Noakes's." Tramp "Do you think I could get any thing there?" Gardener "Well, I don't know. The last o' your sort got twentyne days."—London Punch.
A OTRI, who is red-headed and cross

eyed and wears number eleven brogans can be advertised all over the country as a benefitful creature by committing some crime. Who ever heard of a fe-

In half an hour Bridget announced the dray.

"Send in my Orderly," said the Colonel, "and see if you can see any thing, around the corner, of the policeman."

As Bridget was executing this order, the Colonel entered the store-room, and closed the spring-lock of the trunk lid.

"Have you the key of Fanny's trunk, my love?" some crime. Who ever heard of a female horse-thief or a murderess who
wasn't just lovely?—Hoston Fost.

A YOUNG man with an umbrella overtook an unprotected lady acquaintance
in the rain-storm, Tuesday afternoon, on Washington Street, and
extending his umbrella over her, requested the plasses of action as my love?"
"I don't know."
"Give it to me," he said, decidely.
"Since your man is not the spg, I share your treason for this once, that henceforth you may always side with me. Ha! policeman," he added, as he threw open the outer door of the store-room, which opened on the alley, "will you help the drayman and my Orderly to get this trunk of my sister's on the dray get this trunk of my sister's on the dray."

noon, on Washington Street, and extending his umbrells over her, requested the pleasure of acting as her rain-beau. "Oh!" exclaimed the young lady, taking his arm, "you wish me to be your rain-deer." Two souls with but a single umbrella, two forms that stepped as one.—Boston Globe.

At an enterminment given lately by the Brica-Brac (juvenile) Club, a tenyear-old member was heard to aver that "he really did not care for this sort of thing; a cigarette and a quiet chat were more in his line. Those girls bored him; they went for every follow so infernally violent now, he preferred to do his mashing himself; and, in fact, altogether, he liked 'em mellow—say about thirty or so—girls who knew what was what; no green gooseberries for him." A nice boy that for a small tea party.—San Francisco News Letter.

At there she stands. The pride of our life, the hope of our existence. Her

ray.
"Now, Williams," said the Colonel Now, williams, said the Colonel to the drayman, "carry this trunk to Mrs. Legrand's. She is a friend of my sister's, and a very Secesh lady. She will no doubt know what to do with it. Take the key, and desire her to open it the moment it arrives. She must find the way to send it to Miss Fanny if she thinks it necessary. AH, there she stands. The pride of our life, the hope of our existence. Her ringlets hang upon her shoulders in carcless droops, her great round syes peering into the future, and the bloom in her cheeks fresh from Nature's own rouge box. Isn't she a darling? Well, yes, she is rather; but when she runs out to meet us and reminds us that we forgot to order up dinner, we wish that her childish voice wasn't pitched in that penetrating key that brings all the neighbors to the window to commisserate us on our forthcoming crackerand-cheese repeat.—New Haven Registhinks it necessary."
"All right, sah," cried the voice of the negro drayman.

I fainted, I suppose for want of air, and knew no more till I found myself surrounded by Southern ladies in the back parior of a house well known for Southern sympathies and hospitality. I fold my name and story, only admitting the adventures of the night in Colonel and-cheese repast .- New Haven Regis-Lewis's store-room.

"But how on earth did you got here in Fanny Lewis's trunk? The drayman left the trunk and key, with the message that the trunk was to be unlocked immediately."

. Appreciation of Shaksueare

in Fanny Lewis's trunk? The drayman left the trunk and key, with the message that the trunk was to be unlocked immediately."

"Ah, ladies," I cried, "it is too dangerous a secret. I dare not breathe it into the ear of any one of you."

"But we know all kinds of dangerous secrets," pouted one fair lady.
"I have no doubt you do, and all Dixie knows that you can keep them: but this one you must not ask me."
"I declare I believe that Colonel Lewis himself had something to do with it."

"On my honor, ladies, I nover saw Colonel Lewis in my life. What does he look like, anyhow?"

This question was never answered till about six years later, when I was introduced to Colonel Lewis on Pennsylvania has actor of the colonel colonel Lewis on Pennsylvania has actor of genius; and hence they express not simply the conceptions of the colonel Lewis on Pennsylvania. Acrons and professional readers are many actors of genius; and hence they express not simply the conceptions of duced to Colonel Lewis on Pennsylvania Avenue. He took me to his house in Georgetown, where I met both the Fannys. It is no disparagement to Mrs. Lewis, nor is it base ingratitude, to say that I love the Southern Fanny best, for she has been my wife five years, and Colonel Lewis is my brother-in-law.—

Harper's Magazine.

Census-Takers' Storles.

One hundred and sixty-eight men, visiting all the residences in St. Louis, could scarcely avoid coming across to discover the full meaning of business to discover the full meaning of business to discover the full meaning of every line he utters. It is his purpose to make voice and gesture give every shade of feeling and every turn of thought. The amateur can no more, unaided, express or realize all the pos-sibilities of a speech, than one unac-quainted with music can sing a song or play on an instrument. Actors often spend weeks and even months in study-ing a single speech, and even then they ing a single speech, and even then they find it impossible to utter it with all the effect they desire, until after long praceffect they desire, until after long practice. They crowd sometimes into a single line or word a force and meaning that only art combined with genius can attain. We may be certain that the persons who boast of their capacity to read Shakspeare better than the actors do are either wholly ignorant of what our actors do or are utterly insensible to what really constitutes the art of the stage.—Appleton's Journal.

A Nice Place to Live In. deal of trouble to get some women The entomologist might make himself happy in Morocco, if his enthusiasm cose superior to the weaknesses of the flesh, though it must be confessed that he locusts would be a scourge to the farming interest. Some Italian travelars, happening to have no taste in that commonest experiences of daily life, way, suffered and complained bitterly. Exhausted as they were with heat and hard riding, the anxiously expected noonday siesta too often became a matter of form. Hardly had they stretched how to illustrate the truth—how to make his message clear, vivid, rememberable. His success was most competed. It was the best position in their employ, and they at once promoted young Walmisley to it. His success which his day trained himself to see them, from earth and air and sea, from the commonest experiences of daily life, from the most iamiliar pages of history. Exhausted as they were with heat and hard riding, the anxiously expected noonday siesta too often became a matter of form. Hardly had they stretched to report any thing near their roat ages. They had an idea that the lists would be published, names, ages and all. One woman gave her age as 30 years and that of her husband at 45. There were several children, and after taking the THE entomologist might make him-elf happy in Morocco, if his enthusiasm rose superior to the weaknesses of the flesh, though it must be confessed that the locusts would be a scourge to the farming interest. Some Italian travelyounger ones he came to the eldest, whose age she gave as 21 years. "How is that?" inquired he, "were you calyounger ones he came to the eldest, whose age she gave as 21 years. "How whose age she gave as 21 years. "How is that?" inquired he, "were you only nine years old when that child was been p?" The woman laughed, and said had riding, the auxiously expected as he held it before his hearers! The admitted that she was nineteen years lead in the country of the stretched and the standard of the country of the second when the country of the second when the second when the country of the second when the second whe themselves upon the ground, when they were assaulted, tormented, stung upon every side, as if they had chosen a bed **Market of the state of the st svery side, as if they had chosen a bed of nettles; caterpillars, spiders, monstrous ants, hornets and grasshoppers, big, impudent and determined, swarmed about them. Close by them was a monstrous spider's web, spread over some bushes like a sheet hung out to dry. In other places they had warnings of the evils to come, in the ominous business form the long grass. The enterties of the series of the series

Religious.

HELP. The world is full of labor, it tolks he wearlness; You cannot bear its burden, Her you can make it less,

A little child is trying To litt a bravy foad; Go help the helplass tole Along the weary road.

A poor old, friendless woman is tottering on alone; is testering on alone; Ber frambling strongth has falled her, Go offer her your own.

Though little be the action,
Its heart the Lord shall see,
And the shall be the witness:
'X e do! it unto Me.
--Chance F. Richardson, in the Cross.

Dr. Guthrie's Way,

WERE Dr. Guthrie living now the seological seminaries would surely vy on him for a course of lectures on levy on him for a course of lectures on preaching. The man who knew how to reach the heathen of the Cowgate with the same Gospel discourses that delighted the most learned church-goers of the Scotch Athens could have given priceless counsel to young ministers. Any one searching his memoirs for the explanation of his great pulpit success is arrested at once by two facts which stand out with most luminous distinctness. The first is the thoroughness in the preparation of his discourses. He was not only painstaking and diligent in gathering fresh and rich material for them, but he wrote out every sermon at length and then committed it to memory! He wrots it out because he believed that the preacher's message is of such supreme importance that it should have the most perfect form he can give it. Finent beyond most men in externor

such supreme importance man it should have the most perfect form he can give it. Fluent beyond most men in extempore discourse he would not trust the uncertain inspiration of the moment to clothe or shape his thoughts. He committed the whole sermon to memory because he would on no conditions have the electric communication between his eyes and his hearers' broken by a manuscript. He deemed it absolutely impossible to move an audience as powerfully by reading a sermon as by speaking if. The reading, the meditation, the social intercourse, by means of which he supplied the reservoir from which he drew his rich material, had their own hours, and a full allowance of them, every day. But he gave the three or four best morning hours, six days in a week, wholly But he gave the three or four best morning hours, six days in a week, wholly to the work of putting his sermon on paper and committing it to memory. That he might cultivate a speaking style in composition he wrote aloud, with an imaginary audience before him. That the words might have the more freshness for himself in the final utterance, and so be more likely to rouse his hearers, he committed in silence. This practice of committing was also of double service in testing his work. He found that the passage which did not stick to his memory easily did not, commonly, make much of an impression on his listeners. Therefore, in writing

greater gitts in this direction than most ministers. But he was quick to recog-nize what frequent and potent use the Old Testament prophets made of meta-phors and stories in delivering their message, and to mark how freely He who spake as never man spake used parables, and analogies, and the inci-dents of daily life, to illustrate His dis-ceurse. He overleded that most other cents of daily life, to illustrate his dis-courses. He concluded that most oth-er men and women were much of the same mind as the old lady who declar-ed that the best parts of the Bible for her were "the likes." And he set himself with all determination to learn like that they sometimes seemed to stand in reality before all eyes. Speak-ing at one time of the perils of the impenitent life he described a shipwreck and the launching of a life-boat to save the imperited crew. He made the tragic scene so real that a young naval

mnitiply the duties that rob him of the time and strength that he needs for such preparation. Dr. Guthrichimself during the earlier years of his ministry wrote and preached but one sermon a week. To write two sermons a week he pronounced, even in his old ago, "a serious task for any man and an almost impossible task for a raw young man to do well." He quoted his friend and parishloner Hugh Miller, no mean judge in such matters, as expressing wonder how a minister could come forth Sunday after Sunday with even one good and finished discourse, and was much of the same opinion as Robert Hall in his maswer to the question of some one who asked multiply the duties that rob him

stand against the world.

stand against the world.

The man who strives to put something into the world that shall make it better, not simply seeking to get the most possible out of it, never has his head inthered over the question whether life is worth living. It is the greedy life, and not the generous one, that has doubt as to the worth of existence.—

Golden Rule.

White death, the greet reconciler.

WHEN death, the great reconciler when death, the great reconditer, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity. This we should always hear in mind, and by keeping bitter words from our lips, drive them from our hearts. Love we can never regret, but hate may fill all our lives with bitterness. Then let us cultivate love, which is the "charity" of Christian good-will.

THOMAS-A-KEMPIS, who died just one hundred years before the German Re-formation, is said to be the author of this prayer: "Give me a clear under-standing against all error, a clean heart against all impurity, a right faith against all dembtfulness, a firm hope against all diffidence, fervent charity against all diffidence, and accilement the diffidence, fervent charity against all indifference and negligence, great patience against all disturbance, holy meditation against every filthy imagination, continual prayer against the directive assaults, good occupation against the tiresomeness and drowsiness of the heart, and lastly, adevout remembrance of Thy holy passion against the wounding of the soul by vices. Assist me, C my God, with all these. Thy good gifts, and confirm me in all Thy holy words. Amen." Amen.

The Clerks Who Rise.

Many clerks continue in subordinate positions all their lives, because they are of no special value to their em-ployers. If a cierk wishes to rise, he must make his services so valuable to

must make his services so valuable to the house that they can't afford to do without them. It is not enough, in order to acquire this special value, to be handy and willing. He must also gain such a knowledge of the business as to be master of all its details.

Sir Joshua Walmsley, a rich merchant of Liverpoot, began as a clerk on a salary of forty pounds a year. His employers were grain merchants, and the young man, determined to rise, set about acquiring a knowledge of grain. The man who had charge of the warehouses of the firm prided himself on knowing grain better than any one in any changes have man who had charge of the ware-bouses of the firm prided himself on knowing grain better than any one in Liverpool. Finding the clerk anxious to learn, the old warehouseman was would both strike and stick."

The other characteristic was his exceedingly effective use of illustrations. At the outset he seemed to have no greater gifts in this direction than most ministers. But he was quick to recognize what frequent and potent use of illustrations was called, would show his pupil and present propher. before breakfast, and long before office hours, they would go together to the stores and ships. "Old Peter," as he was called, would show his pupil samples of various kinds of grain. At first, the number bewildered the youth. But perseverance enabled him in time to master all the mysteries of grain, such as quality, weight, condition and origin. Old Peter would take a handful of all sorts of grain, English, Irish, Scotch, American, European, and spreading them on a table, ask his pupil to tell all the characteristics of each sample. No one knew of these early lessons, and the employers wondered at their clerk's knowledge of the business. Customers soon found out that the youth knew more about grain than any one in the establishment, and consulted him. One offers of partnership were made him, one of which he accepted. He rose to wealth and bonor, because he made himself valuable to his employers.— Youth's Companion.